

Where Do You Go When You Die

Robyn Hitchcock

Where do you go when you die?
Where do you go when you die?
There isn't any Saviour
There isn't any Lord
There isn't a Madonna
Sitting there to be adored

There is no damnation
There is no salvation
This is it for you, baby
This is it for me
Watch out, honey

Where do you go when you die?
Where do you go when you die?
A church is full of people
Praying to themselves
Praying to each other
Praying not to go to hell

A church is full of people
Praying to the void
Eyes deep within them
And they're feeling paranoid

All I ever been is me
All I know is I
And I will turn to nothing
In the second that I die

Oh, where do you go when you die?
Where do you go when you die?
Your consciousness evaporates
Your body hits the ground
And if you have a soul, you know
It will not stick around

It could merge with Napoleon's
Or blend with Easy E's
It might get stuck in limbo
Like a balloon stuck in the trees

There ain't no Pontius Pilate
There ain't no Judas Priest
There's just a lump of rotting meat
Officially pronounced deceased

Oh yeah, baby, where do you go when you die?
Where do you go when you die?
You're not supposed to ask this question
You're supposed to be here now
And if you have good karma
You won't come back as a piece of British beef
Where do you go when you die?
Nowhere
Where do you go when you die?
Nowhere

When you die